

October 12, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Lester, I sent you a book from Lindmark's, the bookstore in Poughkeepsie, the early part of last week. Haven't you received it? You said nothing about it, so I imagine you have not gotten it.

Does the family intend to come East for the footblal games? I have never heard that. There is no doubt of the fact that there is a good deal of chasing and excitement in connection with them, so perhaps it would be wise to let well enough alone and be satisfied with the way I am getting along and not try anything very strenuous. What do you think? Besides which, for some reason I don't feel particularly enthusiastic about going this year. I don't know why. Pete, I thought you were going to take a young lady to one of them this year. I don't see why you dont, in fact, I think you should. All of which is your business, you will say.

I was quite tired after lab yesterday. I certainly work slowly and feel more or less lost in the course. Prof. Moulton is not what I would call a good teacher. The notebooks that you sent will probably be useful, Mother, although neither is the one that I meant. Perhaps it is not around at home.

After lab yesterday I went to hear Mr. Morgenthau make a political speech. He took only one phase of the democratic side, the league. He called Hays a Machiavelli and a Mephistopheles. He also said that somebody said in regard to Harding's head, there is nothing there, not even a cavity. I don't think I learned anything from his speech. I guess that is the trouble with most political speeches.

I have to go over to the libe this afternoon and get some dope on the democratic and republican platforms. Tonight is the first meeting of Speakers' Bureau and that is the subject announced. It is a good joke for Earickeloo, isn't it, Father? At any rate I won't say that the Republican platform is made out of wood, the way I did to Marse in all seriousness eight years ago.

Miss Salmon apologizes profusely this morning for having to give us two cuts this week, because she said to go to some celebration or other at Ann Arbor, her alma mater. We thought the apologies were entirely uncalled for, and showed as much.

We get a cut in English tomorrow, but have to go to hear Miss Whylic lecture on "Definitions of Romance" instead.

Lucy came home with me for dinner last night. You and she would make a good cox team, Pete.

I was called from slumberland last night at eleven by that deadly fire alarm. When the drill was over, we discovered that Helen had not made her appearance. So the whole half of the corridor burst in on her to discover the reason and mercilessly woke her out of a sound sleep. She had not even heard that awful bell, and it rang without stopping for four minutes. We certainly kidded her about it.

Love,

Fannie